

The Tragedy of Hamlet

If one could match you ; the Scrimers of their nation
He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them ; fir this report of his
Did *Hamlet* so enuenum with his enuy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sodaine comming ore to play with you.
Now out of this,

Laer. What out of this my Lord ?

King. *Laertes* was your father, deere to you ?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrowe,
A face without a heart ?

Laer. Why aske you this ?

King. Not that I thinke you did not loue your father,
But that I know, loue is begunne by time,
And that I see in passages of prooffe,
Time quallifies the sparke and fire of it,
There liues within the very flame of loue
A kind of weeke or snuffe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodnes still,
For goodnes growing to a plurisie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe
We should doe when wee would : for this would changes,
And hath abatements and delayes as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,
And then this should is like a spend-thrifts sigh,
That hurrs by easing ; but to the quicke of th' vicer,
Hamlet comes back what would you vndertake
To show your selfe indeed your fathers sonne
More then in words ?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th Church-

King. No place indeede should murther sanctuarize,
Reuengde should haue no bounds : but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keepe close within your chamber
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home,
Weele put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The french man gaue you : bring you in in fine together
And wager ore your heads ; he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,

Prince of Denmark

Will not peruse the foyles, so that with
Or with a little shuffling, you may cho
A sword vnated, and in a pace of pra
Requite him for your Father.

Laer. I will doo't,

And for the purpose, Ile annoynt my
I bought an vnction of a Mountiban
So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasma
Collected from all simples that haue v
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing
That is but scratcht withall, Ile tutch
With this contagion, that if I gall hi

King. Lets further thinke of this.

Wey what conueiance both of time
May fit vs to our shape if this should
And that our drift looke through our
Twere better not assayd. Therefore th
Should haue a backe or second that n
If this did blast in prooffe ; soft let me
Wee'le make a solemne wager on yo
I hau't, when in your motion you are
As make your bouts more violent to
And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue
A Chalice for the once, whereon bu
If he by chance escape your venom'd
Our purpose may hold there ; but stay

Enter Q

Quee. One woe doth tread vpon
So fast they follow ; your Sisters drow

Laer. Drown'd, O where ?

Quee. There is a Willow growes
That shoves his hoary leaues in the
There with fantastique garlands did
Of Crowflowers, Nettles, Daisies, and
That liberall Shepheards giue a gross
But our cull-cold maydes doe dead
There on the pendant boughes her c